

A
 LETTER
 FROM
 D^r. Robert Wild
 TO HIS
 Friend M^r. J. J. Upon Occasion of his
 M A J E S T Y's Declaration for
 Liberty of C O N S C I E N C E:

Together with his
P O E T I C A L I C E N T I A,
 And a Freindly Debate Between a
 C O N F O R M I S T
 AND A
 N O N - C O N F O R M I S T.

L O N D O N,
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A

THE

FROM

Robert Will

TO HIS

Wife

AND

TO HIS

Wife

AND



A
L E T T E R
FROM
Dr. Robert Wild
TO HIS
Friend Mr. J. J. upon Occasion of his
M A J E S T Y's Declaration for
Liberty of Conscience, &c.

My Honoured and Excellent Friend;

YOU know me to be a *Merry Fellow*
(as we *Beggars* and *Creples* usually
are) and the Truth is, if my own
Sins, and the *Sufferings* of the Church, did

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not

(2)

not often make me hang my Harp upon the *Willows*, and sing *Lachryma*, instead of the Songs of *Sion*; I can laugh at a *Feather*, (especially if I see it in a *Fools Cap*, or beaten out of the *Cushion* by a powerful *Thumper* in the *Pulpit* against *Fanaticks*, and *Father Calvin*) and I can sit over my pitiful *Fire* and be as merry as the *Crickets* in the little *Oven* at my *Elbow* are, especially after a *Baking*; or as the new *Sect of Crickets* (the *Farmers of the Chimneys*) are at the time of *Collecting Hearth-Money*; and I can make a *Mess of Milk-pottage*, crumm'd *Thick*, and eat *Hot*, contribute as good and jolly a *Flush* to my *Cheeks*, as if I had dined at the *Cock*, where the *Bishop* lately entertained the *Church*, and had his *Comb* and *Gills*. I must confess, as I need no *Musick*, so I have no curious *Ear*. A neighbouring *Bodies-maker*, that whistles a *Psalm-tune*, elevates me as much as an *Anthem ad usum Sarum*; and one of your *Country Bag-pipes*, inspires above the *Organ* in the *Church* at *Hackney*. And who can help it, or make a *Silk-purse* of a *Sows Ear*? And therefore (by *Grandsire Hierarchy's* good lieve) Give
me

(3)

me a Good King, for my Money, when *All's done*, who sees no reason for putting down *Haberdashers*, and *Johns of all Trades*, nor for prohibiting Eating of *Ginger-bread*, or playing upon *Jews Trumps*: But is content that *Country people* should either dance in a *Barn* upon an *holy day*, or at the *May-pole*; and if they like their own blind *Piper*, they shall not be constrained to send to *Nottingham* for *Robin Hood's Tabourer*, because he hath *Conformed*, and taken out a *Licence* to follow his *Calling*, under the *Chancellour's Hand and Seal* of the *Spiritual Court*. And that brings me to my *Business*, which is to give you my *Thanks*, and an *Account* of the *Royal Declaration*, which you sent, and its strange effects upon my self, and others to whom I Instantly communicated it. It was *Midlent-Munday*, and the hour of the Day, when *Mortals Maws yawn* for *Monfets*, and every Body gives over all *Busines* besides, to attend that ancient good *Orthodox Exercise* of *Eating and Drinking*. And my grave hungry self (whilst my *Maid* was gone for *Mustard*, and my *Wife* was laying the cloth (which in the days of yore, & prosperous
Pres-

Presbytery had been my *Horse-cloth*, but since my Declension, it hath been advanced to the service of my *Table*) sat with the *Frying-pan* on my *Knee*, admiring the hissing Musick of four *salt Herrings*, which had been in as bad a pickle almost as the *Dutch Fleet*, the week before, or the Sons of the *Church*, at the reading the *Indulgence*, the day before (the first *Sunday*, but will not be the last, I believe, wherein the Prayer for the *Head* of the *Church* went down with them like my *Herrings* with me, and made them drink and spit, and spit and drink again.) But to leap out of the *Frying-pan* of this Digression; Sir, Whilst I was calling to my old Woman to come and turn my *Herrings*, I suddenly heard the *Post-boy* blow his *Horn* near my Window; by which I knew there was a *London Letter* to me: And therefore, leaving the *Pan*, and *Wife*, and *Fish* to hiss and sputter at one another, like the good people in the *Friendly Debate*, or at *Billingsgate*; Away went I (*having other Fish to fry*) and, paying the Boy for your Letter, with a good wish over it, (as I use to do over all; but especially yours) I broke Bulk; and the

the first thing which my greedy eyes espied was the most well-favoured *Dieu & Mon Droit*, that I have seen since the Royal Declaration about Ecclesiastical Affairs: immediately I lowered my Top-sail and did obeysance to the Royal Armes, ; hoping to find Honey in the Lyon, and healing in the Unicorn's Horn, as indeed it proved. But before I had power to read a word, I burst into a laughter, which made my Wife come running to me with a Herring Taile hanging out of her Mouth, to know what was the matter. My mirth was to see how you had clipped and shorn the Good Declaration (to make it couch the closer in your letter) that it lookt like a very Round Head, as it proved, and as poll'd as an Amsterdam Divine, or a Bald Fryer when he officiates. However clipping of a Declaration, I hope was no Treason; or if it were, I believe upon your Tryal, that the Ordinary would not be your Enemy, if you had cut it in pieces, much less, for only cropping the eares of such a Schismaticke. Well, St. George for England. Down I sat, and to my Book I fell. His Majesties Declaration to all his loving Subjects.

This I was sure concerned me: For I have a soul as white and spotless towards the King, as any Lawn in England, and dare weigh loyalty with any Church-man of them all, and give them in (as I have done) my plump Parsonage to boot.

Sir, I am not worthy to write a Commentary upon the Royal Text. But it deserves to have as noble and eternal a Chronicle as that of Cyrus to the Jews, or Constantine to the oppressed Christians; by how much our Prince excels them in Principles, and more Evangelical Motives. I will amuse it with such of Truth, and Grace, and Beauty; and to all Subjects who desire to love their Neighbours as themselves, ought to be wellcome as the Dove to the water-beaten Ark; or as His Majesty Himself was to us all at his happy Restoration. It is a second Magna Charta; and I hope when a Parliament comes together, they will cheerfully and thankfully acknowledge his Royal Prudence, Justice and Grace; approving also and applauding the Advice of his Honourable Privy Council. Well go thy wayes; Honest Fifteenth of March, thou art worth a thousand Thirtieths of January, and Bartholomew days; of all wellcome English Holy-days, commend me

me to the 29th of May, the fifth of November,
 and this same good natur'd fifteenth of March.
 Who could have thought that such a Dutch-
 bellied, blundering, boreal Month as this March,
 that puffs and blows as if his guts were burst
 with white pease-pottage and Dumplings, could
 set forth such a lucky Day? On the which,
 for it jumps very handsomely with the Jewish
 Feast of Purim, on their fourteenth and fif-
 teenth of March, King Charles the kind of his
 own good will began and bestowed a Jubilee
 upon all his people, and took possession of
 his whole Dominions, and the Affections of all
 Israel from Dan to Beersheba. On which,
 though he did not undo the Dutch at Sea,
 yet he overcame them and out-did them at
 Land, by their own powerful Engine, Liberty
 of Conscience in the modes of Religious Wor-
 ship: An Engine which will in time drain
 the Drainers of their men and merchandize, and
 make Amsterdam only a breeding Pond for
 the small fry. But London the feeder and
 richest in fat and well-fed Carp and Pike,
 Tench and Eele, in soft and smooth-mouth'd
 Presbyterians, bouncing and devouring Pre-
 latists and Pluralists, with other more muddy

and *Silly Opinionists* which, well dressed and
 cookt may be both wholesome and delicious;
 and with which Stores we may be able to
 serve *Holland* it self: And for the *Papists*
 (of all waters *Trent* pleases them best) they
 ate a kind of *Lampreys* with nine eyes, and a
 poisonous sting in their backs; but well-sea-
 soned, and that venome taken out, *Protestants*
 may allow them at their *Tables*, and tast of
 them too, but very dangerous to make a meal
 on, for they are tempting to the *Pallat*, but
 will soon surfeit and the fewer of them in our
Rivers the better. I wish the old *Fisherman* at
Rome had them all and their spawn, the
Quakers too, to stock his own *Ponds*, the *Mon-*
asteries and *Priories* in *Italy*, and other *Coun-*
tries. And now I talk of the old *Singcantor*,
 our Gracious King is worth all the *Clements*
 in *Christendom*, and hath in one day granted
 an *Indulgence* of more real worth for God-a-
 mercy, than all which *Rome* hath vented these
 500 years, if they were as many as the *Dutch*
 have taken *Herrings* in our *Seas*: And by
 this golden Bull of the fifteenth of March, he
 hath released more souls out of a true Purga-
 tory of *Excommunication*, &c. than all the

Pages

Pope since *Cerberus* the first have saved from being made *Spitchcocks* in that *Kitchin* of his *Holinefs*, that lies he knows not where, no more than *Pope Joan*, or *John a Nokes* doth; and yet his *Diwelings*, the *Officers* and *Clarks* of that wondrous *Kitchin*, have served his *Table* with all manner of *Rost*, *boyl'd*, *bak'd*, *flew'd*, *friggass'd*, *carbonado'd* sinners of both *sexes*, although he had a cruel *gripe* in his *gut*, when he lost his *English shambles*, and his fat *Veales* and *Muttons* here, and the lusty *Chines* of noble *Fornicators*, on whom (*sad souls*) he used to have no more mercy (*without money*) than their frail flesh found in *Salvation* or *Amputation*, or in the *Clutches* of *King Lues*, or *Morbus Gallicus*.

But whither do I ramble? The very News of *Liberty* makes me as nimble as the Gentleman that dances upon the High Rope; and I had like to have forgotten what I promised you (*vix.*) what effects and feats I wrought with this *Catholicon* amongst my Neighbours. Truly (*Sir*) here are not many *Phanaticks* of either extream, for we have a very pious and prudent good *Minister*, who labours to make ill men good and good men better; who never
makes

makes faces at the *Liturgy*, as if he were drinking a potion, nor in his *Sermons* makes others make faces, as if he were giving them one. He weares a *Surplis*, but never proves it to be descended from the antient House of the *Ephods*, to please the Children of the *Church*; nor doth he blow his nose in it to clear himself from superstition with the scrupulous. He hath nothing to do with *Tythes*, not so much as *piggs*, and therefore there is but little *grunting* at him, and his Church is the fuller of eares, because his *barn* hath none. But yet I must tell you, this new Dose did work diversly; *One* cried, *the Devil take George*; *Another* cried *Heigho*, and fell to whistling, *O brave Oliver*; *A Third* at the first Reading fell to sneezing, and yawning, and breaking wind, as if he had *Ants eggs* in his belly. But it broke no hearts (that I can hear of) nor sleeps neither, for the angriest ended their *huffs* with, *It's no matter, the Bishops are well enough served*.

In fine; the *most* (if that be good) were pleased at heart, and talk'd of *Bells* and *Bonfires*; but *none* (to tell you true) durst begin, for fear they should burn their Fingers, and

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and when the *Parliament* meet, be forced to ring the *Bells* backward; except I could have proved that His Majesty, (who is certainly as *Infallible* as the *Pope*) is so without a *General Council*. I cannot deny to you, but that there was some *grumbling* of the *Gizard*, both amongst *Prelatists* and *Puritans*, that these cunning and cruel *Papishes*, as we call them, and their *Croaking Priests* and *Jesuits* should be exempted from *Penalties*, except they will do as we do, take the *Oaths* of *Supremacy* and *Alligiance*, and *desie* the *Pope*, and all his works of *Darkness*: and moreover be allowed *Chamber practice*, to propagate (and that they are the best at in the *World*) and fill every *Cotter* with *Catholic* *Jucking* *Widdes*: So that they only will be the *seditions*, *Conventicles*, and yet be connived at to vent their *Outlandish Packs* in a private *Trade*; whilst all others (who never sell any *poisonous Drings*, but the same sound and approved *Goods* with the *Orthodox Church*) must be bound up to open *Shops*, and be subjected to his Majesty's *Searchers*. To all which (and a great deal more, with which this terrible bug-beat *Poperie* affrighted them, as the silly

Jewes

Jews were from tolerating *Christ*, with, *Oh the Romans will come and Rout us all.*) An old well-catechized *Trojan* (who could as soon find out a plot in a *Trojan Horse*, or a *Pope* in the belly of any point, as a *Farrier* would the bots in *Brocks bowels*) gave this nod and reply. Nay then we shall never have done: what are we afraid of *Goblins* at noon day, or that a *Hobby-horse* will pass in our *Markets* for a good *Gelding*? More *Huntingdon Sturgeons*? And *Fryer Bacons brazen heads*? Let but the *King* (*God bless him*) allow us our *Bibles*, and we have 100000 *Shop-keepers* and *Farmers* (and let our *Ministers* stand by and keep our *Gole*, and strike never a stroke) that dare meet as many of their *Fryars* and *Monks* at a *Disputation*, and let any point (for which formerly they made *Smithfield smoak*) that they will chuse, be the *Foot-ball*. My friends, fear not *Anti-Christ*, nor his *Masters clowen foot*. Let but us love the *Truth*, and the *Truth* will make us free, and keep us so. For I think the *Land* must be *Atheists* before they can be *Papists*, and except *England* will be bull'd with an *Urchin*, or be given over to believe a *lie*, I think *Rapery* hath seen its best days in *England*. The old
Pardoner

Pardon will never get *Peter-pence* enough here to buy him a pair of *breeches*, let him get a *doublet* to it where he can. I rather expect *victory* than a *loss*: Let their *gagling Ganders* preserve their own *Capitol*, if they can; but they will never make their *Geese* go for *Swans* more, nor prove *salt* and *spittle* to be a proper *pickle* for *baptized Infants*. For their *Tenents* and non-sensical *Doctrines*, keep your *Bibles* (my friends) and hold their *noses* to that *grind-stone*, and I'll warrant you; and for their *Seditions* and *Treasons*, let us leave *Tyburn* and them to *wrangle* a fair *fall* about them; and if it comes to that, I will venture my best *Cow* on trusty *Tyburn's* side.

Sir, this said, and the mannerly good man craving my excuse for letting him *shoo* his *bol*, as he call'd it; it comforted all about him, and ended the *chat*, with a joyful *God save the King*, and give the *Gospel* good *speed*, and so we parted.

And now (Sir) I am jealous that your *Gravity* will be angry at my *merriment*; but you may spare it, for I am so at my self, yet I retain my self with the thoughts of grave *Dr. Stillingfleet's* description of the *phanaticisme* of the

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people

people that make themselves ridiculous ; and with a conceit I have that if that *Prophet* who let fly a merry *Irony* at *Baals Priests* , were in flesh here amongst us, and saw the pretty conceits, and self-whippings, of the *Popish Priests*, and heard their prayers , he would bid them cry aloud, or blow their horn, for *St. Anthony* was abroad with his *Hoggs*. The truth is, *mocking* is catching ; like an *itch*, which is too hard for *butter* and *brimstone* to cure. All things are big with *Jest* , and if men have a mind to fling dirt at one another, there is enough in every *Street*. I had been just reading the Sport which the merry *Monkey* makes in looking lice in old *Hobbs* his head, and cracking them upon his crown. And I think it would make a *Philosopher* or *Quaker* laugh, and put off his *bat* too ; if they should see that old *Bear* lead through *Cheapside*, and what do you call him that writes against him, riding on his back. I wish he had made up his mouth with the *Dialogue*, and then have wip'd it, and let his *Letters* (especially to *B. O.* and *J. O.*) have been the *napkin* to save them from a worse offence. However, *Sir*, if he had the confidence to make the *Arch-Bishop Gossip* to his *Baby*,
I hope

I hope you may pardon me, who look for no preferment for this *fooling*: And I promise you I will give it over: For we *Non-Conformists* were never good at it; and our never going to *Plays*, nor *drinking* betwixt *meals*, disables us from matching their *Cocks*. Besides *Cynthiaus aurem vellit*, *Ephes.* 5. 4. And that brings me to my *self*, and to a serious request to *you*. Doubtless, *Sir*, upon the opening of this wide *Door* to us, we shall have many *Adversaries* on the *right hand* and on the *left*; and many from amongst our selves will rise up and speak perverse things: I wish we may endure the *Sun* as well as we did the *Wind*. The *Patriarchs* (we must expect) will be moved with *Envy*; especially at this *Coat of divers colours* (the *Indulgence*) which our *Father* hath given us. However, they are our *Elder Brethren*, and we must *honour* and *love* them, though they will watch for our *halting*, and lay (it may be) *stumbling blocks* in our way, especially in the matters of our *God*: For in the matters of the *King* I am not much fearful of our *people*. Their *peaceableness* and *loyalty* hath been tried, and found *currant*, and their *Adversaries* and *Accusers* have been found *Lyars*; yet they must

must be warned and put in remembrance continually of every Duty they owe to the *Higher Powers*. But, Sir, our strength must appear in *Wisdom, Gravity, Gentleness, Meekness, Patience, Holiness, Faith and Charity*; and this strength must be given us from above. The King hath now given us (all sorts of pretenders to Religion) fair play; and the whole Earth (besides Heaven above) will be Spectatours, and Judges. If we quit our *seats* (our Ministers, and their people) like *Saints*, and followers of *Christ* indeed, we shall put *Atheists* and *Blasphemers* to silence, and repair the strength and glory of decay'd Christianity. Let me therefore beseech you the servant of the Lord (Dear Brother) who have an Interest in the Affections of men of all persuasions, to speak to the *Leading-men and Guides* amongst them, to prepare and put forth some reasonable *Epistles* to exhort them in all places to thankfulness and watchfulness, to fear God and honour the King.

March 22. 1671.

Yours most entirely,

Ro. WILD.

POETICA. LICENTIA

A Gratulatory

P O E M

U P O N

His Majesties Gracious Declaration

F O R

LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE.

With a Friendly Debate betwixt CON and NON.

To the KING.

SO Great! so Universal, and so Free! (Thee,
 This was too much (*Great CHARLES*) except for
 For any King to grant, or *Subjects* hope:
 Like Thee to do thus, would undo the Pope.
 Yea, though his Vassals should their Wealth combine
 To buy *Indulgence* half so large as Thine:

D

No,

No, if they should not only kiss his *Toe*,
 But *Clement Podex*, He'd not let them goe.
 Whilst Thou to His Shame, Thy immortal Glory,
 Hast freed *All Souls* from real *Purgatory*;
 And giv'n *All Saints* in Heav'n new joys, to see
 Their Friends in *England* keep a *Jubilee*.

Suspect us not (*Great Sir*) nor think the worst;
 For sudden *Joys*, like *Griefs*, confound at first:
 The splendour of Your Favour was so bright,
 That yet it dazzles and o'whelms our sight.
 Drunk with Your Cup, my *Muse* did nothing mind;
 And until now her feet she could not find.
 Greediness makes prophane: In the first place
 Hungry-men fill their belly, then *say Grace*.
 We would make *Bonfires* (*SIR*) but that we fear
 Name of *Incendiaries* we may hear.
 We would have *Musick* too, but 'twill not do,
 For All the *Fidlers* are *Conformists* too.
 Nor can we *Ring*, the angry *Church-man* swears,
 By the *King's* leave, the *Bells* and *Ropes* are *Theirs*:
 And let them take them. Yet our *Tongues* shall sing:
 Your Honour louder than their *Clappers* ring.
 But now they *tole* their *Bells*, and wring their hands,
Religion (that is to say, their *Lands*)
 The *Protestant Religion* now will fall;
Bell and the *Dragon* will devour us all.
 The *Children* of the *Church* are frightened: oh!
 The *POPE's* Raw-head-and-bloody-bones cry *Bob!*

Behind

Behind the door a *License* without stint !
 This bitter *Cup* hath *Roman Wormwood* in't.
 O tender zealous hearts ! O sad Condition !
Idolatry will eat up *Superstition*.
 The *Calf* at *Bethel* fears the *Calf* at *Dan* ;
 The *Gridiron* grumbles at the *Frying-pan*.
 And now the *Jacks* have lost their wonted prey,
 They fear the *Pikes* will carry *them* away,
 So *Conjurers* grow (toward their end) in fear,
 That their familiar *Devils* will them tear.
 Thus Melancholy *Puss* mews, and takes on.
 When *Mouſe* (with which she play'd before) is gone.
 But Oh ye *Champions* bring forth and shew
 The *foreskins* of those *Philistines* you slew
 When in your power ; then they favour found ;
 And now you cry, *Tiber* the *Thames* will drown'd.
 But fear not (*Gentlemen*) if *Pop'ry* be,
 You'll find the *Nuns* are pretty *Company*.
 And if the *fiery trial* should return,
 Most of you *wet* your selves too much to *burn*.
Raw men you were, *raw* still you are, and I
 Do scarce believe you'l *carbonado'd* die.

But let's joyn issue, and go fairly to't,
 And to a *Kings-Bench-Trial* put the *Snit*.
 The Plaintiff *CON: NON-CON* Defendant place,
 This *Liberty of Conscience* makes the *Cafe*.
 " Whither indulging *Protestants* to teach
 " Freely, and *publickly* the *Gospel* preach.

" The Prince a *Protestant*, approved so
 " By *Oath*, by *Law*, by *practise*, (not in *show*) }
 " With *Premunire*, but to mutter-No.
 " But yet exempting *Papists* from the awe,
 " (If there were any) of the Penal Law,
 " Allowing them no *publick* place at all
 " Beyond the limits of their *private* wall.
 " Whither this be a *Trojan-Mare* with Fole
 " Of *Pop'ry*, by a leap from *Rome* she stole.
 In this case *Con* is *Pro*, and *Non* is *Con* ;
 And now *God save the King*, and let's fall on.

C O N.

We fear, the *Papists* will grow proud and swell ;
 Give them an *Inch*, and they will take an *Ell*.
 The *Popes Supremacy* will soon be Trump,
 'Tis he must be the *Head*, and *CHARLES* the *Rump*.

N O N.

The *Papists* swelling is the way to burst,
 Let them have *Rope* enough, and do their worst.
 And for the *Popes Supremacy*, Alack !
 'Tis but the *Bunch* upon the *Camels* back.
 The *Lions* skin can't hide the *Ass's* Luggs,
 We stamp *Pope's* faces on our bearded Juggs ;
 And make no more confuting *Bellarmino*,
 Then taking off the lusty *Ale* or *Wine*.
Popes were *Kings* *Chaplains* first, their *Chaplains* next,
Chaplains at last (by virtue of no Text).

To

To Chop and Change, Chop Logick, Chop off Heads,
 They became *Joves*, and *Kings* their *Ganimeds*.
 Thus *Peter's* Successors like Him deni'd
Their Master but like Him they never cri'd : }
 I wish them like Him Head-long crucifi'd.

C O N.

But oh their *Pictures*, *Agnus Dei's*, *Pixes*,
 Their lovely *Images*, and *Crucifixes*;
 Their charming-*Musick*! These are Arts that will
 Delight the *Senses*, and by *Tickling* kill.

N O N.

Our *King* can Heal; by *Stroaking*, a Disease :
 A *May-pole* and a *Fiddle* some will please.
Fools must have *Baubles*, *Solomon* of old
 To some gave *Apes* and *Peacocks*, others *Gold*.
 We all know *Popes-head-Alley* trades in *Toyes*,
 Our *Merchants* come not thither, but our *Boys*.
 Our *Children* with as pretty *Babies* play,
 (And *make* them too) as those to which *they pray*.
 And at a *shaved Crown* dare fling their *Jears*,
 Goup thou *Bald-head*, yet not fear the *Bears*.

C O N.

Yea, but their learned men will write *Ding-dong*.
 And scatter all their *Books* about e're long.

N O N.

Fear not their *Learning*; for their *Priests*, I'll swear
 As arrant *Blockheads* as your *Curates* are.
 One *Stillingsfleet*, one *Tillofson* of yours;
 One *Baxter*, *Owen*, and one *Foot* of ours,
 Can drive their *Books* and *Authors* out of door,
 And you and we have *many hundreds* more.
 Let them write *Books* each day, their *Wares* are *stale*,
 And will not *sell*, and thereby hangs a *Tale*:
 The other day into a place I went,
 Where Mortals use to go, that want a *vent*;
 There by the mouth of *Purgatory Hole*,
 Where many groan, and their hard case condole.
Saul Creffys's sacred *Legend* I did find,
 One leaf whereof gave ease by breaking wind,
 And wip't *Aspersions* from *Rome* behind.
 Rare Man (cry'd I) worthy to be no less,
 Than *Groom o'th' stool* unto his *Holiness*.

C O N.

Oh, but their *Jesuits* are dangerous men.

N O N.

You mean (like *Foxes*) when they meet a *Hen*,
 Not when they meet a *Man*: besides the *smell*
 Of those *Ranck* creatures may do very well
 Against our *Passe* and *Lethargick* Brains,
 Provided they be *few* and kept in *chains*.

And

And should they slip their Chains, and range about,
 'Twill make good *Shepherds* watch the more, no doubt.
 Though for good Ends we must not evil do;
 Yet blest be *CHARLES*, since He hath cry'd, *Halloo*,
Fight Dog, Fight Bear; your *Clergie* now for shame
 Leave shooting *Pigeons*, seek a Nobler Game.
Their Churches Park Gardens are become;
 And *Sundays Sport*, to bait the Beast of *Rome*.
God and the King be praised, Now we find
 That you are of the *Nonconformists* mind;
 The *Pope* is *Antichrist*, and *Rome* his *Whore*;
 'Tis hop't you'l never paint nor court Her more:
 And (what you scoff't us for of old) we hope
 To hear you sing, *Save us from Turk and Pope*.
 And *Collects* make, pure Worship for Restoring,
 And saving us from peril of *Bull-goring*.
 Now (Brother *CON*) I'll offer you a Test,
 Whether you preach in earnest or in jest,
 Or with some bad design: Let's be *Comrades*.
 In this good Cause, wee'l serve as *Reformaden*.
 Let us all join, this head-strong *Beast* t' assail;
 Wee'l take him by the *Horns*, you by the *Tail*.
 And when we have Him down, let's make Him sure,
 And not an *Hoof*, much less his *Calf* endure.
 Let's quench not *slack* the *Fire*; Leave ne're a Spark:
 And spare Him neither *Image*, *Name*, nor *Mark*.
 Preach Him down *Root* and *Branch*; destroy his *Kin*,
 Whatever *Names* or *Titles* they lurk in.

Now.

(32)

Now since the King gives us fair play, do you,
Yours the *Black Regiment*, and ours the *Blew*.
You'll find; They'll find us work enough for All:
Guard you the *Temples*; We, the *School* and *Hall*.
Sly Popery (you know) as once it did,
May under *Gowns*, and in *Fox-Furrs* lie hid.
Give us the *City-Halls*, and we will see
That of no *Company* It shall be Free.
If you deny us *Halls*, I cannot spare you,
May you no *Kitchens* have; and then *where are you!*

C O N.

Yea, that's the Mischief which we fear indeed,
That if we do not *work*, we shall not *feed*:
'Twill break our *Hearts* to *Preach!* and you'll combine
Our *Maintenance* to share, or undermine.

N O N.

No, if you will not at this *Grace* repine,
Wee'l dress the *Vineyard*, you shall drink the *Wine*.
Your *Church* shall be the *Mother*, ours the *Nurse*:
Peter shall *preach*, let who will keep the *Purse*.
No *Bishops*, *Parsons*, *Vicars*, *Curates*, we,
But only *Ministers* desire to be.
Wee'l *Preach* in *sackcloth*, you shall *Read* in *silk*;
Wee'l *feed* the *Flock*, and you shall take the *Milk*.
Let but the *Black birds* sing in *Enfers* cold,
And may the *Jack-daws* still the *Steeple* hold.

Wee'l

Wee'l be the *Hands* to work, the *Back* to bear ;
 And you the *Belly*, to devour the Cheer.
 The *Tytte-pig* shall be yours; wee'l turn the *Spit*.
 Wee'l bear the *Cross*, you only *sign* with it.
 But if the *Patriarchs* shall envy show
 To see their *younger Brother Joseph* go
 In Coat of *divers Colours*, and shall fall
 To rend it cause 'tis not *Canonicall* :
 Then may they find him turn a *Dreamer* too,
 And live themselves to see his *Dreams prove true*.

May rather they and we together join,
 In what each can; but they have all the Coin.
 With *Pray'rs* and *Tears*, such service much avails;
 With *Tears* to swell our *Seas*, with *Pray'rs* our *Sails*;
 And with Men too from both our Parties: such
 I'me sure we have, can *cheat* or *beat* the *Dutch*.
 Our side a Thousand *Quakers* well can spare;
 Nay, Two or Three; for they great *Breeders* are.
 The *Church* can match us with her *Jovial Sirs*,
Informers, *Singing-men*, and *Parritors*.
 Let the *King* try; set these upon the *Decks*
 Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* vex.
 Their Breath will mischief far beyond a *Gunn*;
 And if He lose them, Hee'l not be undone.

C O N.

Oh, but the *French* with th' *English* join their Bands
 To fight against *Reformed Netherlands*;
 And when those *Papists* once the Day have got,
 We fear poor *Protestants* will pay the Shot.

N O N.

Now, O the Logick of your Learned Clerks!
Piggs play o' th' *Organs*; Ergo, *Cerberus* barks:
If the Skie fall, down-comes the price of Larks.
 Our *Gallants* wear some *points* fetch't out of *France*:
 Ergo, their *Errors* too we must advance.
 The *Nonconforming Calvinists* grow strong;
 Ergo, We shall be *Papists* all ere long.
 Last Warrs the *French* with *Dutch* combined were
 Against the *English*, Where was then this fear?
 We have with *Holland* fought, and fought again,
 And yet the *Articles of Dort* maintain.

C O N.

But oh, the *Grandees* now about the King,
 They, they procured this *Lisentious Thing*.

Some

Some men there be that carry all before 'em;
 The Duke of *Lauderdale* is of the *Quorum*;
 And *George of Buckingham* is *Dux Malorum*.

N O N.

Disloyal Thoughts! seditious Murmurs these!
 Tell us *whose now* are *Fears* and *Jealousies*?
Harry the Eighth made *Monks* and *Friers* sing
 Their *Miserere* for such whispering.
 Are those *ill Councillors* who do advise
 Their *Prince* to grant his *people Liberties*?
 To rescue *Conscience* from *Popes* at *Rome*,
 And from those too who would be *such* at *home*.
Great Patriots! May Heav'n reward such *Peers*,
 And hang such *Jewels* in their *Prince's Ears*.
 May the *new Duke*, Knight of the *Windsor-Garter*,
 (Where many years he lay a *Loyal Martyr*)
 Go safe to *Scotland*, and his *Glory* shew;
 They'll find *Him* and his *Ribband* both *true Blew*.
 May he vye with the *Sun*, which of them may
 Enliven *Scotland* with the *Brightest Ray*:
 There may he govern better with a *word*,
 Than *Oliver* with *Treacheries* and *Sword*.

May the *Lord Clifford* keep his *Noble Name*,
 And his *white Soul* and *Staff* support his *Fame*.

May the wise *Chanc'lour* of th' *Exchequer* be
 A greater *Treasure* than the *Treasury*.

Whether those Silver Streams do *ebb* or *flow*,
Yet may his *Word* for *Current Money* go.

Earl Arlington be a true *Craterus*,
A Lover of the King, belov'd of us:

Heavns Hand Record his Name, his *Hand* requite,
Who doth our *Freedoms* both *procure* and *write*.

Let *George-on-Horseback*, in despite of *CON*,
Still keep his *Saddle*, be *Hephestion*.

May the *Duke Royal* gain immortal *Praise*,
By *Granting Olives*, or by *Winning Bayes*.

POSTSCRIPT.

NO, not one word, can I of this Great Deed,
 In *Merlin*, or old Mother *Shipton* read!
 Old *Tyburn* take those *Tycho Brahe* *Imps*,
Astrologers who would be 'counted *Pimps*
 To the Amorous *Planets*; they the minute know
 When *Joue* did Cuckold poor *Amphytrio*:
Ken Mars, and *Madam Venus* winks and glances,
 Their close *Conjunctions*, and their mid-night *Dances*;
 When costive *Saturn* goes to *Stool*, and vile
 Thief *Mercury* doth pick his *Fob* the while;
 When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her man
 Throw't out o'th Window into th' *Ocean*.
 More subtle than the *Excise-men* here below,
 What's spent in every *Sign* in *Heaven* they know.
 Cunning *Intelligencers*! they'l not miss
 To tell us next year the success of *this*;
 They correspond with *Dutch* and *English* Star,
 As *Dow*—— did with *CHARLES*, and *Oliver*.
 The *Bankers* might have, had they to them gone,
 What *Planet* governed the *Exchequer*, known.
 Old *Lilly* though he did not love to make
 Any words of it, saw Sir *Robert* take
 Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the *Sign*.

Had

Had been *Aquarés*, he had made them *Nine*.
 When *Sagitary* took his aim to shoot
 At Bishop *Cosm*, he espy'd him do't;
 And with such force the winged-Arrow flew,
 Instead of one *Church-Stag*, he killed two;
Glocester and *Durham* whom he espy'd,
 Let *Lean* and *Fat* together go he cry'd.
 Well *Willy Lilly*, thou knew'st this as well
 As *I*, and yet wouldst not their *Lordships* tell.
 I know thy *Plea* too, and must it allow,
PRELATES should know as much of *Heaven* as thou :
 But now Friend *William*, since 'tis done and past,
 Pray thee, give us *Phanaticks* but one Cast,
 What thou foresaw'st of *March the Fifteenth* Last;
 When swift and sudden as the *Angels* flye,
 The *Declaration* came for *Liberty*;
 When things of *Heaven* burst from the *Royal Breast*,
 More fragrant than the *Spices* of the *East*.
 I know in next years *Almanack* thou'lt write,
 Thou saw'st the *King* in *Concill* over-night,
 Before that morn, all sit in *Heaven* as plain
 To be discern'd, as if 'twere *Charles Waine*,
 Great *C*, *A*, *B*, *A*, and great *L* were chief
 Under *C. R.* to give poor *Fan's* relief.
 Thou sawest Lord *Arlington* ordain the man
 To be the first *Say Metropolitan*.
 Thou saw'st him give *induction* to a *Spittle*,
 And *Institute* our Brother *TO M-D O-E-LITTLE*.

In

In the *Bears Paw*, and *Bulls right Eye*,
 Some Detriment to *Priests* thou did'st espye;
 And though by *Sol* in *Libra* thou didst know
 Which way the *Scale* of *Policy* would go;
 Yet *Mercury* in *Aries* did decree,
 That *Wool* and *Lamb* should still *Conformists* be.
 But hark-you *Will*, *Star-pöcking* is not fair;
 Had you amongst the *Stars* found this *March-Hare*,
 Bred of that lusty *Puss* the *Good old Cause*,
 Religion rescued from *Inforcing Laws*;
 You should have yelped aloud, *hanging's* the end,
 By *Huntsmen's Rule*, of *Hounds* that will not spend.
 Be gone *thou* and thy *canting-Tribe*, be gone;
 Go tell thy destiny to *Fools*, or none:
Kings Hearts and *Councils* are too-deep for thee,
 And for thy *Stars* and *Demons* scrutinie,
King CHARLES Return was much above thy skill
 To fumble out, as 'twas against thy will.
 From him who can the *Hearts* of *Kings* inspire,
 Not from the *Planets*, came that *Sacred Fire*
 Of *Soveraign Love*, which burst into a *Flame*;
 From *God* and from the *King* alone it came.

F I N I S.

From the King alone it came
 Of Sovereign Love, which built into a Flame;
 Not from the Plumes, come that should rise
 From him who can the Hearts of Kings inspire
 To humble me, as 'twas against thy will.
 King CHARLES Knew no more above the skill
 And for thy sake and Country's sake
 King Henry and Charles are now dead
 O tell thy dearest to Fools or none
 Be gone then and thy country's Tribes be gone;
 Exaltation's Rule, of Honour that will not
 You should have kept about, leaving the crown
 Religion rescued from Inferring Laws
 Pledges that lastly pass the Good old Cause
 Had you amongst the stars found this March
 But mark you well, something is not fair
 That Wool and Lamb should fill the Court with
 Yet Mercury in this did decree
 Which was the Seal of Policy we lay
 And thought by some other should be
 Some Ostrich's wing, which should be
 In the Court, and Ball's right

F I X I S

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